# ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

ULTIMATE MARVEL NOW!

FIFFE
MILONOGIANNIS
SANZ

009

# ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

A vigilante named **SCOURGE** has been roaming the streets...

...murdering people in the name of justice.

**SCOURGE** was caught and delivered to the cops.

Meanwhile, **CLOAK** and **DAGGER** got into a big fight and broke up.

And little do the **ULTIMATES** know, while all this has been going on, someone has been watching their every move.

But who?


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"I represent those who haven't stood up for themselves but ***wanted*** to. I was sick of being paralyzed by fear, sick of it. It was my right to push back the only way these animals understood."

NEW YORK CITY.

*People are calling me all sort of things, bigot, racist...is it **my** fault that it's the minorities who **decide** to put on masks and terrorize **us moral** citizens?*

SCOURGE

# THE TRIAL OF SCOURGE

*No affiliation with any group--*

*...ex-janitor in local high school for 27 years.*

*--body count has not yet been determined--*

*Vigilantism leads to anarchy!*

*Murderer!*

*--killed my baby boy--*

POLICE

*--but the amount of unregistered firearms found in his--*

*Guns aren't the problem, this man's psychiatric record is!*

*Oh, that's just another smokescreen--*

*It's a **safety** issue. A safety issue that is being twisted by--get this--his **supporters!***

Turn it off.

WATCHDOG HEADQUARTERS, PITTSBURGH.

Is Walker ready?

Yup. All's goin' as planned.

Noon pickup.

Good, good. This should be a simple enough mission.

Dixon, double-check the RPGs then let's get a move on. We got a long drive ahead.

On it.

Man, I hate New York.

S'all good.

You can back out now if yer sc'red.

Aw, New York's all right...

...if you like saxophones.

Double-checked and ready to go!

Okay, listen *up!* Field leader Simmons has a few words.

You all know your positions. Once Walker says the word, we make our move. We hit 'em hard, get out quick. No hesitation.

You do as I say no matter what.

Watchdogs--

--*mount up.*

Today, we gain a brother.

MEANWHILE... BACK IN MANHATTAN.

Jessica Drew/ Black Widow

Pretty nice out there.

Being reduced to talking about the weather, huh? That's cool.

What, it's nice! You're right, let's talk about... I don't know... sports teams?

*"Teams"?*

I'm just saying let's take it all the way. Let's be all like...

*Affirmative.*

*Ultimates. On. Patrol.*

*New. York. City.*

Tandy Bowen/ Dagger

Is that a cyborg voice or an android voice?

***Cyborgs aren't--!*** Uh, I'm not falling for that.

Kitty Pryde

Miles Morales/ Spider-Man

I still feel bad about the other day...

...because who's going to fix all the damage we caused? Are we getting billed or something?

A company called Damage Control usually takes care of heavy reconstruction. I don't know who they bill, though...

Oh, I thought you were talking about your fight with Cloak.

Pretend I'm speaking in metaphors if it makes you feel any better.

I liked you better with less snark. But hey, we all go through changes.

So what's up with Lana? She quit for good this time?

She's still touching base here and there. It wasn't ***that*** long ago when Poey was murdered.

Some people need more time to recover than others.

Yes, they do.

Tyrone Johnson/ Cloak

Glad you made it, Cloak.

**HEY!**

Where've you ***been*** these last few days?!

I told you couples never work well in teams.

Or bands.

Or anything.

No need to be dramatic. We can talk it out.

No more talking, Tandy.

You wish, Mr. Intense.

You can't just disappear like that!

Okay, let's head out. Scourge is being taken to the prison today and we have to make sure the protesters don't get out of hand.

Or make sure they get out of hand on *him?*

I'm not gonna lie to you-- I don't want to go. I'm getting a weird vibe.

*Please. Don't. Do. That.*

If a riot breaks out, can we pin the blame on you?

FWAP

FWAP

THE VAULT: MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON FOR SUPERHUMAN CRIMINALS, EASTERN DIVISION.

We don't have much time, Lana, and I don't wanna chew your ear off any longer. Tell me more about these new friends of yours.

My "*maybe*" friends, you mean? They're not so bad. They're not bad at all, actually. Took a while to warm up to them, I guess.

Haven't seen them in forever. I should, though.

***Should?*** Do you ***want*** to?

Lana Baumgartner, Bombshell, daughter

Lori Baumgartner, ex-Bombshell, mother

Well, yeah. I like being a part of some sort of...team, a team of kids that are sorta like me.

It's not perfect, it's not the most natural, but y'know...

***You*** better not get caught. I don't want to see you in here.

My parole officer is a jerk but he has no clue. He's either dumb as dirt or he doesn't really care.

Whatever works.

Tell me, how's Poey's family holding up?

How are ***you*** holding up?

I wouldn't know. I don't talk to them.

A little better. Kind of exhausted.

Sadness isn't exciting to talk about.

I'm sorry I never met him.

I liked the photos you showed me.

Some days I'm fine, but then out of nowhere, the image flashes...

Poey...on the floor...

Hey, hey... don't...

Don't think about that. Push it out of your head.

You need a distraction, Lana. You can't be left alone with your own thoughts.

I'm not saying that.

What's wrong with being alone?

Look, you'll always be my baby girl, don't you forget, but you're naturally a lone wolf, you're self-reliant. You're more independent than I was at your age. That's who you ***are.***

But it doesn't hurt to mix things up, to challenge yourself a little.

So you got friends--"*maybe friends,*" whatever--don't push them away.

Be a hero or don't, just do right by ***you.*** Heaven knows I tried, but--

SQHHK

*Lori Baumgartner--*

*--time's up.*

NYPD 13th PRECINCT, 21st ST.

Your audience sure does love you, huh, Scourge?

All right, keep it moving, keep it moving.

--gonna get it in prison, killer!

Mad dog--!

Put you away for good--

You racist @#*!

Get cozy, dude. It's only gonna get worse from here on out.

Safe travels, Morgan.

*Hey!* Put the other one down, you--!

*Walker's just in. Transfer is in progress. Let's do it.*

*They're two blocks away.*

*East Dog, check.*

Affirm. Roger.

*West Dog, check.*

Yup. Roger.

An army of ingrates back there.

How many of them are alive because I made it safe for them?

*And 3... 2...*

KRRRA

KDAM!

CALL FOR BACKUP!

Do not move, Officer Morgan.

We're taking Scourge off your hands. You don't have to like it.

KLIK

W-who's we? You're a dirty cop. Who'd you sell us out to?

SCREECH

Up and at 'em, Scourge. Our ride's here.

Like I said, Officer Morgan. Not a single muscle.

Dirty c--

KBLAMM

Dammit.

Blew up squad cars, killed that man--why?

C'mon, let's hustle before backup arrives!

Who are you people? Why are you doing this?

They were gonna put you away forever. It ain't right, you being cooped up...not when we can pool resources and make some *real* progress.

We believe in the same things you do, Scourge. Now c'mon!

FWSSH

Oh, my God!

I knew it!

Too late! We're--

No time to complain.

Kitty, civilians. Cloak, snipers.

Up front, Watchdogs!

KTHUNK

KRAK

#@*! Race traitor--

Race whaaat?!

KRUNCH

BLAM BLAM BLAM

Aghk!

Dagger!

Okay, everyone hold on to me!

Hey, no, wait!

Oh, hell naw. It's on now, you $%^#@--

CLP

-FAAAAHHH!

Ooougfh!

I gotcha!

Do you guys hate me a little less for saving your lives? It's okay, you don't have to.

What's the idea, Cloak? What if I wasn't here to--

Lecture me later.

Planned on usin' this on the cop reinforcements, but what the hell.

Scourge, lend us a hand, wouldja? We'll be outta here in no time.

Now, hold still.

KA KA KATA KA KA KATA KA

BRAKKATABRAKKATA
BRAKKATABRAKKAT

BRAKKATA
BRAKKATA

AGH!

BRAKKATA
BRAKKATA
BRAKKATA

Hang tight, li'l man!

Here y'go.

SPIN

SPAK

What the--

Not a word. Don't want to hear it. Don't care...

...I operate alone, you white trash moron, so the offer to join your little hate club has been *declined.*

I suppose I should thank you for freeing me.

SPAK

Widow, wait!

I'm nothing if not appreciative.

Justice is served!

SAM

Is everyone okay?!

Relatively speaking...

Dagger, don't move! Here, let me get you.

Oh, man...those cops...

Who *were* those guys even?

The Watchdogs... right-wing moral brigade that eventually shifted to an outright white supremacist terrorist outfit.

They have headquarters all over the country, but S.H.I.E.L.D. never caught up with them, I guess.

Scourge was one of them?

Don't think so. Looks like springing him from the cops backfired.

Oh, my God-- Dagger!

I have to go...

Doesn't look *too* bad. It only grazed you, but you should still--

I have to go to a hospital...

I don't care if I have to explain the whole Roxxon thing, the Ultimates thing, I *don't* care!

Agreed. Let's go--

POLICE

Wait, you can go to my guy! He'll fix you right up. It'll be discreet and there's no charge. I'll give him a heads-up right now!

EEEOEEEOEEEO

EEEOEEEOEEE

We'll hang back and help out.

Now *go.*

POLICE

Hey, Ty.

Hey, Ty, can you stop for a second? I'm getting a little --

--woozy.

How're you feeling?

...like a regular Miss America...

Jus' gimme one more minute. Maybe ten.

You're the best... thanks for sticking around.

Hey, I'm sorry for being so stubborn.

*Now* you wanna talk?

Whatever it is we have to work out, I'll be there all the way.

We should go now, though.

Tandy!

SSSTHP

SSSTHP

NEXT: NO GODS, NO MASTERS.

BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH